

THE TEMPE-MESA REPUBLICAN

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THE TEMPE NATIONAL BANK

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TEMPE

The Independent Order of Good Templars met in regular session last Saturday evening and enjoyed an unusually large attendance. After the usual routine of work had been performed a short but instructive and pleasing address was delivered by a visiting member, W. H. Knotwell. The lodge then voted an acceptance, with thanks, to be present at the celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Phoenix lodge.

On Saturday evening about 9 o'clock, while Marsh H. Compton was making his official rounds of the town, his attention was attracted by the peculiar actions of a stranger in the vicinity of the depot. Upon approaching the man he found him violently insane and it was not without much trouble that he succeeded in placing him behind the prison bars for safe keeping. Marshal Compton will take the unfortunate stranger to Phoenix tomorrow to appear before the county probate judge for examination.

Messrs. Carl Hayden and Larry Bowman on Saturday evening attended a banquet in Phoenix given by the University club.

Delegates were chosen yesterday by the various Sabbath schools of the town to attend the Maricopa county Sabbath school convention, to be held in Phoenix on Friday and Saturday of this week. Those selected from the Baptist Sabbath school were: Mrs. Dr. Hart, Miss Grace Goodwin, Miss Frank's Delaney and Mr. Robert Richardson. From the Congregational Sabbath school: Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mrs. W. Hackett, Miss Bessie Hough and Colonel J. E. Price were chosen.

J. P. Nelson, manager of the Pritchard ranch, reports a very early crop of apricots. He expects to pick ripe fruit in less than three weeks.

W. H. Cardledge, who has been spending some weeks in San Francisco and other western points, returned home Saturday.

E. Lange of The Hague, Holland, and Miss Johnson of Phoenix drove over from the city Sunday.

The friends of H. Hewitt will be relieved to learn that he is seriously ill.

L. R. Carter of St. Louis, who is spending the winter in Phoenix, and George Russell, stationed at Fort Huachuca and a recruiting officer for the Fourteenth cavalry, passed through here yesterday en route to the Maricopa reservation.

Fred C. Wright, former editor and manager of the Tempe department of The Republican, took dinner at the Casa Loma Sunday.

A large crowd gathered yesterday as usual to attend the band concert at 2:30 p. m. The band rendered several selections which were greatly appreciated by the citizens present. Among them was a sacred number, "Religious Fantasie," introducing a quartette, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which was well rendered. The cornet duet, "Autumn Leaves," by Messrs. Hackett and Grandner, was one of the features of the concert.

T. J. Parry spent yesterday in Phoenix.

The guests at the Casa Loma were: F. Brockman, Phoenix; Dr. R. H. Ogburn, Phoenix; Charles Wolf, city; Fred C. Wright, Phoenix.

Company C of the N. G. A. will re-

F. J. HART, M. D.—Office first door north Odd Fellows' building on Mill avenue, Tempe, Ariz.

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LIVERY, FEED AND
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Honest safe and reliable. First-rate service. Satisfactory prices.

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Leaves Phoenix 8:30 a. m.
Return on your own time.

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TEMPE, ARIZONA

A new, modern, first-class family hotel, run on the American and European plans.

Rooms \$20 per Month and Up.
Table Board \$25 per Month and Up.
Single Meals 50 Cents.

Visitors to Tempe are cordially invited to use the hotel parlors.

ALFRED J. PETERS & CO., Incorporated
PROPRIETORS OF
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Wholesale dealers and shippers of
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What's the Use?

BY CHESTER A. CUSTER
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)

"What's the use," drawled Herbert Prescott, sinking a trifle deeper in the big easy-chair and smiling cynically as he motioned toward Denlow's famous picture. "Denlow has it right. After all the effort and struggle to overcome the achievement attained, the result is all the same—a grinning skull."

"But you have no right to waste your faculties, your opportunities as you do," responded the other warmly. "Denlow is not right. There is work to do in the world and the best happiness is attained only by those who do it. Even in the picture the grinning skull is not the only result. There is the laurel wreath and the laurel wreath is the result of the achievement attained, the thing accomplished. It is a crying shame that a man of your talents and position should lead his way through life as you are doing. By Jove, Prescott, you are thirty-eight and have never done a lick since you left college. The little herbaceous plant you have been a long time in college you could continue to be here. So you could in life if you would try to live instead of merely exist. You ought to be a leader among men instead of an idler and a drone. It makes me tired."

"Not more than all this sordid scramble among your betters for place and power does me," responded Prescott good naturedly. "And when it's all over, what of it? He is seeing his hand gracefully toward the picture, 'that's all. It's all right for the fellows who have got to bustle for a living, but what an ass I would be to enter the already overcrowded lists when I don't have to and where there is nothing to gain. Why should I forego the comforts and elegance of life to enter into a mad strife for money, which I do not need? Power, which brings responsibilities and glory, which is a burden. Oh, Omar Khayyam had it right two centuries ago."

"This but a tent where takes his one day's journey," responded Prescott. "A Sultan in the Realm of Death ad-dress; The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferash strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

"And that brings us to the meat of the matter, Omar's panacea for it all: Then to the Laps of this poor earthen urn I lead; the secret of my life to learn; And lip to lip murmured—'While you live, Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return.'"

"I shall now order two cocktails and we will consider the evening sermon at an end."

The bell was duly rung and the libation accomplished. With a sad smile Prescott's friend arose and departed.

His expostulation with Prescott was the epitome of the general talk among the latter's friends. For Prescott certainly was throwing himself away. To dress well, to dine well, to enjoy all the pleasures of the senses—that was the sum of his ambition, the sum of his life. He indulged himself in the things he liked to excess. His dissipation increased with the years and showed plainly in his pallid face and hollow eyes. Still nature had been so kind to him and he had kept himself so well groomed that he still was a handsome man—perhaps not the less handsome for the pallor of his face, which became his aristocratic features, and the sprinkling of gray in his hair.

But there came a day when Prescott was moved from his cynicism and indifference. It was a woman, of course, but the best woman Prescott's friends would have expected to have influenced him. Mary Putnam was neither beautiful nor gay, nor yet of startling physical beauty. She was not an ordinary girl, that was admitted, and comely to look upon, but her beauty came from within rather than through physical blood and vivacious vitality. Denlow, and well beloved with steady gray eyes, through which shone the light of a luminous soul, thoroughly womanly and possessed of the keenest intelligence, softened with kindness and charity, she was the center of a circle of admirers and friends compelling the most gifted and discriminating.

That Prescott should join this circle seemed incredible. But he did and became a most devoted admirer. He went little in society. It bored him and his habits were such that he was not accorded the warmest welcome. But Miss Putnam exercised the strongest fascination over him. In some mysterious manner she touched a responsive chord throughout all his nature. Of unusual intelligence and exceptionally well read herself, her keen mentality flashed a challenge. Her purity and womanliness appealed to his jaded nature. She aroused all the best that was in him. He sought her society more and more—voluntarily and unconsciously. There was no love making between them. He had not analyzed his feelings. She liked him immensely, but he depressed her. His cynicism was oppressive to one of her radiant nature, but his brilliant attainments, sparkling wit and resourceful mind inspired her. His artistic taste charmed her. She was a little sorry for him and sought by friendly means to arouse him from his moral lethargy. Thus matters drifted for some time.

Then came the awakening. Henry

Beaumont appeared in the circle of Miss Putnam's friends, fell violently in love and paid assiduous court. It soon was evident that she was deeply impressed with the handsome young architect. At first Prescott was conscious that he was uncomfortable, then annoyed, finally miserable and angry. Then he brought himself up with a jerk and faced the situation. He was deeply, madly in love with this woman. He was a great shock to this avowed bachelor. Well, he did not have to remain a bachelor. He had wealth, birth, intelligence—he would win her. He would exert himself for once and show his friends his powers. He would live home and the good life. With the light of a new found joy in his eyes.

"As a good friend I know that you will be glad of my happiness," she said. "I am to marry Mr. Beaumont next month."

He held her hand for a long time and gazed searchingly into her eyes. In them he saw the death knell of his hopes and saw also something that told him that he would never have dared to ask her to be his wife. That something told him that he loved her too deeply to ask this shrewd and beautiful soul to become yoked with the ashes and remnants of his mis-spent life, even if he knew he could win her.

Miss Putnam, he said gravely and unhesitatingly, she had never loved him speak. "I congratulate you more sincerely than you can know—and I wish you the greatest happiness that can come to a mortal on this mortal earth—and if in the years to come sorrow shall come to you and I can do anything to dispel it, I should be glad if the highest privilege be permitted to do so."

He went back to the old life and plunged into dissipation deeper than ever. He flung away what respect he used to have for the conventionalities and decencies of life. He took less care of his person and let his clothes often appear shabby. He drank hard and his chamberlains were fearful and disgusting.

Two years after Mary Putnam's marriage the town was shocked by the arrest of her husband for forgery and embezzlement. Some valuable papers entrusted to his care had disappeared and were realized upon, the forged signatures having been found. Indications of Beaumont were not greatly surprised, as he had been pressed for money for some months. Beaumont declined to talk. His wife declined to believe there was a possibility of his guilt. But he was tried and convicted. The evidence was overwhelming.

The day came when he was to be sentenced. His faithful wife sat beside him pale as death, but calm and brave, holding his little son in her arms.

"You have been found guilty of embezzlement and forgery, Henry Beaumont," said the white-haired judge solemnly. "Is there any reason why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

There was a deathlike stillness in the room. There was a stir and Herbert Prescott pushed his way to the front. He was pale and unsteady from drink and dissipation.

"Your honor," he said steadily. "I have a reason why this man should not be sentenced. It is that he is innocent. I am the guilty man."

The buzz of surprise was checked by the bailiffs. Henry Beaumont shot a glance of surprise and incredulity at Prescott. He brushed his hand across his eyes as if to brush aside a mist. Prescott continued in a steady voice: "I was short of funds, had been gambling and had lost in my chair at the table. I was desperate. I took them, forged the requisite names and secured the money. I cannot see an innocent man suffer."

His words were clear-cut and cold as steel. Beaumont made a motion as if to rise, but sank back in his chair as if stupefied. A gleam of great joy came into the eyes of his wife. She threw her arms about his neck and sobbed.

Prescott caught the gleam of joy in her eyes and a quiet smile passed over his face.

In view of this important confession, said the judge, "I will have to set aside the verdict and order the arrest of Mr. Prescott."

Because of his confession Prescott's sentence was made only five years. He is working ten hours a day in the penitentiary within the grim walls of the penitentiary. He is the most tractable and uncomplaining of convicts. Only one fellow inmate, a fellow convict, has been so kind to him and he has kept himself so well groomed that he still was a handsome man—perhaps not the less handsome for the pallor of his face, which became his aristocratic features, and the sprinkling of gray in his hair.

But there came a day when Prescott was moved from his cynicism and indifference. It was a woman, of course, but the best woman Prescott's friends would have expected to have influenced him. Mary Putnam was neither beautiful nor gay, nor yet of startling physical beauty. She was not an ordinary girl, that was admitted, and comely to look upon, but her beauty came from within rather than through physical blood and vivacious vitality. Denlow, and well beloved with steady gray eyes, through which shone the light of a luminous soul, thoroughly womanly and possessed of the keenest intelligence, softened with kindness and charity, she was the center of a circle of admirers and friends compelling the most gifted and discriminating.

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"Men were found violating the law," were arrested and were then charged by the courts. So long as such a condition of things exists, I do not see what more we can do in justice to ourselves and our patrons. The employees were trying honestly to enforce the law, but they could not do it."—Boston Advertiser.

"A neighbor ran in with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when my son was suffering with severe cramps and was given up as beyond hope by my regular physician, who stands high in his profession. After administering three doses of it, my son regained consciousness and recovered entirely within twenty-four hours," says Mrs. Mary Haller, of Mt. Crawford, Va. This remedy for sale by Elvey & Hulet.

A Paris dispatch says that Benjamin Constant, the great French statesman, is ill. His doctors have forbidden him to receive visits, even from his closest relatives.

\$1,500 GUARANTEED YEARLY
To high class man or woman, with change for promotion and advanced salary, to have charge small office at home or in home town to attend to correspondence, advertising and other work. Business of highest order and backed by solid men financially and politically. A great opportunity for the right person. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars to ALBERT B. RICHMAN, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Corcoran Building, Opposite United States Treasury, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

The world has so long been at war with the hapless printer that it will be interesting to know that at least one compositor has been capable of following instructions.

Once upon a time a printer brought to Booth for inspection proof of a new poster, which, after the manner of his kind, announced the actor as "The eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth."

Mr. Booth did not fully approve of it. "I wish you'd leave out that 'eminent tragedian' business. I'd much rather have it simple 'Edwin Booth,'" he said. "Very good, sir."

The next week the actor saw the first of his new bills in position. His request had been carried out to the letter. The poster announced the coming engagement of "Simple Edwin Booth."—London Tit-Bits.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders
For Children. Mother Gray, for years a resident in the Children's Hospital, New York, treated children successfully with a remedy, now prepared and placed in the drug stores, called Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They are harmless as milk, pleasant to take and never fail to cure croup, feverishness, colic, flatulence, headache, teething and stomach disorders and remove worms. All drug stores sell them. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Scott's Santal-Pepsin Capsules
A POSITIVE CURE for Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys. Cures quickly and permanently all urinary troubles. Sold by druggists. Price, 50c. 2 boxes, \$2.75.

THE SANTAL-PEPSIN CO. Sole Importers, Ohio
GOODMAN'S PHARMACY, AGENTS

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF THE ARIZONA-MEXICAN COPPER COMPANY.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, S. M. McCOWAN, W. E. DEITY, P. SANDOVAL, W. C. FOSTER, L. H. CHALMERS, JOHN HENDERSON, and R. H. GREENE, the undersigned, for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the Territory of Arizona, United States of America, have adopted, signed and acknowledged these Articles of Incorporation.

The names of the incorporators of this corporation are S. M. McCOWAN, W. E. DEITY, P. SANDOVAL, W. C. FOSTER, L. H. CHALMERS, JOHN HENDERSON, and R. H. GREENE, and the name of this corporation and by which it shall be known is THE ARIZONA-MEXICAN COPPER COMPANY, and its principal place of transacting business is and shall be the City of Phoenix, County of Maricopa, Territory of Arizona, and it shall have branch offices in such place or places in the United States of America or in the United States of Mexico, or in any foreign country that the Board of Directors of this corporation may hereafter designate.

The general nature of the business proposed to be transacted is mining, and as incidental thereto this corporation proposes to acquire by location, purchase, or otherwise, mines of silver, gold, copper, lead, coal and mines of all other kinds and nature whatsoever, and to operate and develop or sell the same to erect and maintain mills, reduction works, concentrators, concentrating works, and any and all kinds of mining and milling machinery; to acquire, construct, own and operate railways, tramways, turnpikes and canals to lead from its principal works or place of business to some navigable stream, or to some existing railroad, turnpikes or public highway; to erect, operate and maintain boarding houses, hotels; to do a general merchandise and banking business; to acquire by purchase, location and in any other lawful manner, real estate, lands, town sites and all kinds of property, real, personal and mixed, and to dispose of the same; to lay out, construct and acquire by purchase, or in any other lawful manner, and accept, hold, possess, enjoy, operate and use franchises from any foreign country or state, or any State or Territory of the United States, or any county or incorporated or private corporation, local or foreign, also own, use and hold wagon roads, mills, factories, houses, capital stock and bonds of corporations, chattels, goods, wares and merchandise, choses in action; 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